**Oliver Twist**

**By Catherine Carruthers**

**“It is very interesting and I find that it is very good for kids!” Sasha Collonge**

 Charlie bates strolled down the sooty street with jack dawkins and Oliver twist. he was *very* hungry as he only had bread and butter for breakfast, but he had something else on his mind.

That morning, he had asked Fagin a question but he didn’t reply, let alone even mumble a response. A little later, jack came in and asked the same question. it went like this.

“Fagin?” jack had said.

“yes artful dodger,” Fagin had replied. (Charlie had found this really annoying as he never got a nick name - they only called him “Charlie” so for pay back, Charlie always called the artful dodger by his original name which was jack)

“I would like to know who I am taking with me.” Jack had said in an important tone.

“Charlie of course. Now, you must get something big otherwise you won’t get any meals until you do.”

Charlie was pleased at this, as his fists were big (all the better for hiding goods). even Fagin had to say they were pretty good. so far, they had already got an array of velvet handkerchiefs, wallets and pocket watches.

Charlie was pulled out of his thoughts, when jack nudged him. Charlie was now focusing on the shop jack had jested to. It was a very fine bookshop, with lots of wonderful books. But that was not the reason jack had stopped strolling. Oliver, their newest recruit, had not yet stolen anything. Their next meal depended on their success today. Suddenly, Jack noticed a fine looking gentleman who was standing in the shop. Charlie heard him talking to the owner of the shop - he was going to *buy* a book for his mother.

Oliver just listened to the conversation. Then, a thought occurred to Charlie... Maybe their skinny little friend hadn’t been told by *anyone* !

Before he could tell jack, a leather wallet was stuffed into his fist, then they went off into the crowd. Charlie thought of Oliver. what if he had seen his friends pick pocket?

Then it happened. Charlie’s suspicions were confirmed. Fagan hadn’t told Oliver anything. Charlie watched as the bony figure sprinted across the road. Mr Brownlow turned around (realising his wallet was gone), and in an Instant, he was angry and blaming oliver.

Charlie was dragged by jack to Fagin. He had never left a friend behind before, but he was too late. He was straightened up by his partner and they entered Fagin’s room. The old bent man was angry to find Oliver gone. but soon Fagin was persuaded that Oliver took the blame off them and everyone should be proud of Oliver’s heroic deed.